

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. TWO, NO. THIRTEEN

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, SEPT. 29, 1926

TEN CENTS

ROBINSON JEFFERS



THIS IS THE FIRST reproduction of the portrait of the great American poet, recently completed by Rem Remsen, Carmel artist. Like all photographs of a painting it fails to reproduce the warmth and atmosphere in the original. Rem has been particularly successful in striking the note of vastness in which Jeffers lives in a paradoxical seclusion—seclusion from humans while he finds joy in the crowding of the hills and sea. The portrait was recently exhibited at the Bohemian Club in San Francisco, together with Rem's masterful portrait of his father, Dr. Ira Remsen of Johns Hopkins.

Arts & Crafts May Let Forest Theater Go

FOLLOWING the election of Mrs. Sara Deming as the new president, and the selection of other officers, the newly-elected board of directors of the Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts, at a meeting held last Sunday night, decided to call a meeting of the members of the organization sometime next month to discuss the proposal to separate the Forest Theater from the control of the Arts and Crafts.

Such a proposal was brought up at the recent meeting of the club when the present directors were elected and the Forest theater board also named, but there was no discussion on the matter.

Other officers named at last Sunday's meeting of the directors were J. B. Adams, vice-president; Miss Celia Harris, secretary, and Fenton P. Foster, treasurer. Committee chairmen were named as follows:

Fenton P. Foster, Finance; Mrs. Sara Deming, Social; Eugene Watson, House; Miss Celia Harris, Membership; and Mrs. Louise Walcott, Theater. The committee chairmen are to name those who are to serve with them.

MOVIES MOVE ON

THE MOVIES departed from our environs on Monday with the breaking up of their "location" on the Seventeen-Mile Drive by the William Fox company. With their going went the tissue of the dreams of many Carmelites who have been inoculated with Hollywood morphine through their participation in scenes which are to give the world a realistic idea of how much and how unwisely the king of Portugal loved Gaby Deslys. More residents of this city sat out in the sun and danced out in it for two days last week, and did similarly in the fog for two others, than have absorbed that much of the elements in many a day. And besides acquiring sunburn and chills they collected five dollars a day and considerable food set out for them under the pines. Incidentally there is more first hand knowledge of how it is done possessed by us than we had ever hoped to have before. It is said that Gaby's affairs were most successfully "shot" out there on the Drive, with the aid of Carmel citizens.

ENJOYABLE DESPITE—

By W. K. B.

A MORON and a moroness sat two seats removed from me at the showing of "Clods" at the Theatre of the Golden Bough last Saturday night and all but leavened the pleasure offered by the picture. I would not have been annoyed, nor would I have been apprised of their low state of mentality, had they not talked. When morons are created what a blessing it would be if they were deprived of tongues—no one would ever know.

The male of the species made constant comments, acquired in by the female of it, something along this order: "Gee, they're ten years behind us. It takes America to produce motion pictures." Idwal Jones, dramatic editor of the San Francisco Examiner, and a man of literary standing and accepted high culture, not very long ago remarked of this certain picture: "German cinema art is technically more brilliant and infinitely more adult than ours."

After seeing "Clods" one can appreciate the understanding in Jones' statement and the asininity in that, or those, of the imbeciles who sat two seats removed from me Saturday night. But Jones' opinion



fits more acceptably "The Last Laugh" than it does "Clods"—technically, that is. The technique of the story, that is, in "Clods" is a bit too much like American movies to meet the standard of foreign art. It is a bit too melodramatic and its situations too sudden.

Of course, the rather ridiculous text or sub-titles written into the film by some fool American helped to accentuate this melodrama, but even these would not have contributed so much to the weakness of the film in this regard if they had not been so forcibly called to our attention by Ted Kuster before the showing of the picture. The acting—in fact, it was not acting and therein lay its art—of the film and the truth of the scenes and the people in them were so far and away superior to what we expect and get out of Hollywood that the silly sub-titles would have been ignored to a large extent if Kuster had not stressed their incongruity.

But, with the melodrama lessening to a degree the delight which the film produced, "Clods" is a remarkable example of verity in the delineation and picturing of life and those in Carmel who missed it, and who have not seen "The Last Laugh", have yet to store for them a rev-

elation in motion picture art.

Kuster promises to provide this revelation in forthcoming foreign films, according to his interesting announcement. It is said that the public has been educated up to Hollywood and has learned to like it. With such films as "Clods" it should be easy to educate it away from Hollywood and to a higher realm of art on the screen—that is, all of it except such morons who sat . . .

NEW MINISTER SELECTED FOR
CARMEL COMMUNITY CHURCH

Rev. Ivan Melville Terwilliger, recently of Pasadena, comes to the Carmel Community church as the new pastor, succeeding Rev. Fred Sheldon, who has resigned to retire from the ministry.

Reverend Terwilliger is a graduate of the Syracuse University of New York and the Drew Theological Seminary in New Jersey. He has a wife and one child.

Reverend Sheldon preached his last sermon in the local church last Sunday and was given a heartfelt farewell by a large congregation. He has served the church well during his occupancy of the pulpit and his leaving is deeply regretted by those with whom he has labored in the Community church work.

CARMEL AGAIN APPEALED TO
FOR HELP FOR STRICKEN CITIES

The Carmel Chapter of the American Red Cross, through its chairman, Miss Mariam White, renews its appeal for assistance from Carmel people for the people of the stricken cities of Florida and other Southern and Middle Western states which suffered from the unprecedented tornados of last week. Contributions to Carmel's Red Cross fund may be sent to Miss White at the Sunset school or to Paul Prince at the office of the Carmel Development company on Ocean avenue next to the Bank of Carmel.

CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB TO
MEET OCTOBER 4 AT PINE INN

The newly organized Carmel Woman's Club will hold its next meeting October 4 at Pine Inn. At the meeting held last week the name of the club was decided on and Mrs. Mary D. Harris elected as the first president.

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TEA
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WHITNEY'S

(Formerly Besham's)

BREAKFAST
LUNCHEONFOUNTAIN DRINKS
HOME-MADE CANDY

Prominent Citizens of Carmel

Number Eleven

PUNK MINGES, than whom no "citizen" of Carmel can lay claim to greater prominence, is a very necessary part and parcel of the Carmel Grocery and as such he has his place in the conduct of that business no less important than that of the exceptionally efficient young man who drives the delivery truck and distributes the butter, eggs, cheese and grapes to those who happen to care for that sort of thing. In point of fact, Punk is the most important part of the delivery system inasmuch as its efficiency



(Photo by Slevin)

depends largely on delivering the various orders at the right houses. You know how it is—if you ordered grapefruit it's altogether disconcerting and not at all satisfactory for it to be delivered somewhere on Santa Lucia when you live in Carmel Woods. Punk obviates any chance for this unhappy state of affairs to come about. He accompanies the delivery—not on the truck, as that is the thing that is not always trustworthy—but on his own four dependable legs, and he precedes the gasoline equipage of groceries, guiding it to its prescribed and various objectives. At times the necessity for removing a cat from restricted grounds interferes with the routine of this important guiding system and Punk discovers that the delivery boy has continued on his own. This requires a detour and Punk is stationed at the next house on the list waiting for the delivery truck to arrive. He then proceeds to guide it on the balance of the route, seldom permitting the errorful human to make more than one move unguided.

Ora Minges takes Punk in the morning over to Monterey for the garden truck. The other morning when it was particularly misty, the windshield of the machine was fogged and Punk, in the seat beside the grocer, almost fell out of the car in

in his efforts to gaze around the clouded glass. Mr. Minges found it necessary to keep Punk's side of the windshield as clear as his own.

Last week Punk cleared out a sewer trench on Dolores street. As he was guiding the grocery truck down the street he fell into a sewer ditch being dug by a dozen men. He couldn't climb out, and he heard the truck running along the street parallel to the ditch. There was only one thing for Punk to do and he did it. In the ditch, at top speed, he kept abreast of the truck. And the delivery boy says that he could tell at just what point Punk had arrived in the ditch by the shovels and men that seemed to leap out into the roadway as though each had been precipitated by a dynamite charge. The men decided that the quarters were much too close for what resembled a mad dog intent on getting somewhere—and they were directly in his path with no out but up.

In "Who's Who" Punk's pedigree, or the college degrees he has, are not mentioned, but it is understood by his owners that he is part cocker spaniel and part airedale. Minges says he is thoroughbred dog, however.

YOU HAVE UNTIL OCTOBER 2 TO GET ON GREAT REGISTER

Those who are eligible to vote and did not vote at the primary election, or who have changed their residence, may qualify in time for the general election in November by signing the roll at the Pine Cone office where W. L. Overstreet, deputy registration officer, will accept your signature. The registration books close again on October 2.

The rummage sale at the Carmel Community church for the parsonage fund will be continued another week.

Theatre of The Golden Bough

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

One Show Only 8 P. M.

AS NO MAN HAS LOVED

Based on the famous

Man Without a Country

SUNDAY

One Show Only - 8 P. M.

The Inimitable, Entirely Charming

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October 17, 18 - Variety (German)

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PERSONAL MENTION

ERNESTINE RENZEL is in Los Angeles for a few days and will return before the end of the week.

Tad Stinson has returned from a trip to the High Sierras.

Lyles Zabriskie, who recently spent two weeks in Carmel as the guest of A. W. Clark, is leaving Truckee this week for a cross-country trip in a "thirty-dollar Ford", according to a letter received by Clark.

Mrs. Anna Niles, and her daughter, Miss Betty Niles, of Carmel, were among the passengers on the Panama-Pacific liner Ecuador on its recent trip from San Francisco to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Covey, who were visiting Mrs. Covey's mother in Carmel, left for San Francisco this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scymour Nye have gone to Honolulu for three or four months.

Mrs. H. W. Hoole and Mrs. C. S. Currin of Klamath Falls, Oregon, were at Pine Inn for the days the past week.

Mrs. Robert Stanton and her mother, Mrs. Young, left this week for Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mr. George Dorwart and their son, George, Jr., have returned to Carmel from a European trip and are staying at Pine Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Van Riper have returned from San Francisco with their son, Tony.

Miss Tilly Polak and Miss Jadwiga Noskowiak were hostesses at a dinner last week-end for Dr. Fred Warfold and Albert Neffe of San Francisco.

Major and Mrs. Arnold Robinson, who have been the guests of Major Robinson's mother, Mrs. Rowley, have left for their home at Fort Clark.

Miss Natalie Meyers has returned from a visit to San Francisco.

Rem Remsen and Stanley Wood, Carmel artists, left last week for an extended automobile trip through the Arizona desert country. They will be joined by James Swinnerton and spend some time at the latter's camp near the Oraibi desert.

Mrs. Lucille Kiester is in San Francisco with Elsa Heyman. Mrs. Kiester's mother is leaving shortly for El Paso.

Mrs. Martin Flavin was hostess at a luncheon at Kays the past week.

JOHN CHENEY TO TALK HERE ON BEAUTIFYING MONTEREY PENINSULA

CHARLES H. CHENEY of Berkeley, city planning expert, will address a meeting called for next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Arts and Crafts hall on Casanova street, on a plan for a systematic beautifying of the Monterey Peninsula. Cheney's address here follows a meeting held in Monterey last week when officials from Pacific Grove, Monterey and Carmel discussed the proposed program for a general plan of building progress, roads and parks.

Officers of the Arts and Crafts urge all Carmel citizens interested in such a project to attend the meeting next Sunday afternoon.

Cheney will explain fully the cost of the plan tentatively devised and he will give an approximate quota for this district.

WOMAN DRIVES OVER BANK ONTO BEACH AT COOKE'S COVE

Mrs. Kate A. McLeod of 70 Twenty-fifth avenue, San Francisco, a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, was severely injured last Saturday when she drove her automobile over the bank at the foot of Thirteenth avenue and it toppled over onto the beach at Cooke's Cove. The accident was seen by Mrs. Lillian K. Duriee, who was walking along the beach at the time and Mrs. Duriee ran for help to extricate the woman from the wreckage of her car. Dr. R. A. Kocher was summoned and Mrs. McLeod was removed to the Stanton home. It was at first feared that she had suffered a fractured skull, but Dr. Kocher reported yesterday that she will recover from her injuries.

LABORER DROWNED WHILE IN SWIMMING AT CARMEL BEACH

Cruz Mendelosa, 45 years old, a laborer employed by M. J. Murphy, building contractor, was drowned last Sunday while in swimming at the beach just off the bath house. It is believed that he was overtaken by cramps in the cold water. His body was seen by other swimmers floating on the surface of the water and it was dragged to the beach. All efforts to resuscitate the man proved unavailing. He was attended by Dr. R. A. Kocher.

MRS. WALCOTT IN CAST OF OF MONTEREY ELKS' PLAY

Mrs. Louise Walcott of Carmel, assistant director of the Carmel School of the Theater and prominent for the excellent work she has done in various roles in the Arts and Crafts plays here, will have an important part in the cast of "The Greater American", the Christmas play to be produced this year by the Monterey lodge of Elks.

SISTER OF JOHN JORDAN DIES

Mr. and Mrs. John Jordan have gone to Port Townsend, Washington, to attend the funeral of Mr. Jordan's sister, Mrs. H. H. Morrison who died there suddenly last week. Mrs. Townsend had suffered with heart trouble for a number of years.



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Opening October 8

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CARMEL VALLEY
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For a few boys and girls
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The children will be prepared for
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Each child will be provided with
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There are a few places open to
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References in Carmel-

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Field, Miss Ruth
Huntington, Miss Bolline Gregg.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

A weekly newspaper, founded May 11, 1926 at Carmel, California.

Published by The Cymbal Press on Wednesday of each week in the Seven Arts Building, Carmel.

Edited by W. K. Bassett. Dorothea Castelhum, associate editor.

Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel 13.

Entered as second-class matter May 11, 1926, at the post office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Notes and Comment

WE NOTE on the "general information" page in the Peninsula Herald, under the title, "What to See and Where", the following:

Carmel, picturesque town in a pine forest, with a half-moon beach, facing the blue waters of Carmel bay, overlooking Carmel Mission and Carmel Valley, community of the poet, artist, writer, scientist, playwright and retired business man.

It so happens that our type divides on those last two lines just as it does in the Herald. We feel there is something psychological and significant in that. We feel that it should be "tired business man". We think the "community of the poet, artist, writer etc." is the veriest bunk, as it is used in this long-neglected page of the Herald and as it finds expression in the mouths of many throughout the state who have never been here, or have visited us only long enough to get a good view of Rem's whiskers on Ocean avenue. But Rem and his whiskers do not to-day actually represent us nearly as much as does the very important traffic cop and his silly, bone-handled revolver, or the scowling countenance of our city manager as he orders harmless confectionary signs removed. We aren't nearly as esthetic as we are pictured in the occasional scandal stories on which the San Francisco newspapers live and have their being. We prefer the Manzanita theater and its productions of the best that Hollywood can offer, which, as a matter of course, is about the worst example of America's screen art, to the occasional high-class offerings of the Golden Bough, which, as a matter of course, are created in foreign countries. Kuster took in for the three showings of "Clods" \$72 on Friday night, \$61 on Saturday night, and \$26 on Sunday night. We are, in truth, a community of the tired business man. We have

to rest our minds against something that doesn't require thought.

* * *

THE FOLLOWING editorial in the good old, kindly New York World considers a subject which appears to be more or less interesting just at present to the people of the West in general and of Carmel in particular. It has the rare beauty of the English language and a charity that is typical of the World, but being chronic is more or less of a weakness. The concluding sentence is particularly delightful.

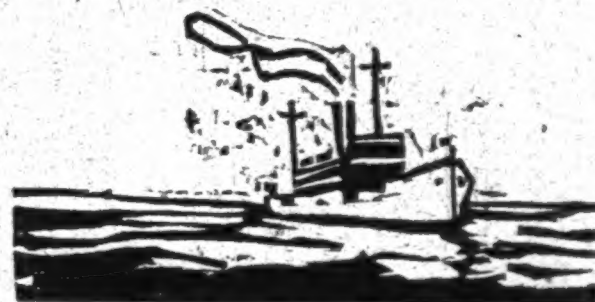
In spite of the recent revelations in the case of Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson, one cannot resist a sneaking hope that something can be done to satisfy the dignity of the law and at the same time save her from unduly severe consequences. To begin with, she seems to be not only a unique woman but also a charming woman. If the reporters are to be credited, her success does not arise from vulgar ranting but from her own magnetic personality; and her church services, while not entirely free from theatricality, are at least marked by good taste.

But this charming evangel, if the accumulated evidence is true, took a little trip with the radio operator of her temple. Having taken the little trip, Mrs. McPherson made a capital error. She came back with a fantastic story of kidnaping; and, as might be expected, the story was in-

vestigated, and affidavits had to be procured, and before long perjury was alleged; and Mrs. McPherson was in trouble with the law. All this, it must be conceded, is rather irritating, for a whole community, and for that matter a whole country, became excited and public officers were put to a lot of trouble, and come to find out it was all about nothing. But let us be reasonable. To say the least of it, Mrs. McPherson was in a difficult position. Such a trip as she is alleged to have taken would be hard for any lady to explain; for a lady in Divine service it was twice as hard. The story she told was silly, but under the circumstances could any of us have done any better?

So far nobody has been injured save that impressive abstraction the majesty of the law. And it might seem that the law could forget its majesty—if Mrs. McPherson will do one thing. That is to make a clean breast of the whole business. If she does that, people may concede that it was just one of those things. But

(Turn to Page Sixteen)



Eliot & Marian

BIG

MID-SEASON SALE

STARTS TODAY

GOWNS THAT WERE
\$25 AND UP NOW
\$10 AND UP.



WHERE SKIES ARE FAR AWAY AND TIME FORGOTTEN

By IRENE ALEXANDER
(Written for The Cymbal)

THE EARLY-MORNING SUN shining lazily down on the white, wind-swept roads of Southern France—tall, silvery poplars, glistening and bending—glimpses of tiny, walled farmhouses with faded roofs and green door-yards—and the dreadful father and daughter who shared my train compartment (and unknowingly my nationality) still barking and bristling at each other about whether it should be piano lessons or a new car! Impatiently I tucked my copy of Daudet under my arm and moved out into the corridor.

Now and then as the train swayed and clicked past old chateaux, with their great shade trees looking over high walls at the little, huddled cottages, we still could see the dazzling aure of the Mediterranean. We whisked past narrow, hedged country lanes and tiny, plodding donkeys, trim vineyards, sudden hills topped by



crumbling ruins, the pale blue Rhone, and stopped with a squeak and a rattle at funny old Arles, once a part of the glory that was Rome—now a way station on the road from Marseilles to Toulouse.

There are many ways to "do" Arles, for every guide book and tourist bait gives it some small notice.

Most travellers are quite content to dash over for the day from Avignon, where the papal palace furnishes a more regal background for the postcard addressed to the folks in Detroit. Others brave for a short interval the toga'd spooks, and take rooms in the hotel built above the ancient forum, with its labyrinths and catacombs. From the portal, lordly limousines speed them away over the cobbles, balloon-tired anachronisms among the stones that still breathe an atmosphere of marching legions.

But if you have been exiled long enough from subways and taxis and "Ls" to wear defiantly a pair of ugly, broad, thicksoled shoes, and have lost all count of the miles you can walk per day, then the magic of the Provence will be yours. The far-off, dreaming skies will whisper to you that there is no time—only eternity, and the crumbling tombs of the stately Alyscamps will show you how futile is all achievement. You will spend days without number sitting on the warm stones of the ancient arena, idling about the narrow, crooked streets, and tramping the white dust of the country roads, shrug a languid shoulder at the idea of

strenuousness, your senses will strangely spring to life.

For Arles is an amazing city. Everywhere you see a philosophic acceptance of what Nature and the passing centuries have left. Beyond an old Roman arch, last remnant of an aristocratic villa, sprawls a squalid court, filled with dirty-faced babies, where shrill mothers, their skirts tucked about their hips, empty pails of refuse into the shallow, open ditches. Germs? Who cares? Perhaps the hot sun and the dry wind and the swift-rushing Rhone, into which all the little ditches drain, will look out for the ragged babies—and in their toothless age they will be spared to pitch horse-shoes in the "Place" outside the walls. American sanitation in the Panama seems less monumental when one considers the grandmothers and grandfathers of Arles. Every family seems to have a full set.

After a civilization in which flourishes the travelling salesman, the food demonstrator, and the insurance agent, there is a refreshing lack of enterprise in Arles. Little weedy paths go rambling about the towers of Constantine, and here and there a new dwelling is fashioned out of the fallen bricks, its fourth wall having a start of a century and a half on the other three.

One drowsy, windy afternoon, I raised my eyes from the nearer view of vineyard, ditch, thatched farmhouse and tree-lined roadway surrounding the ancient town, and saw a far hill crowned by ruined towers, that stood out like white ivory against the empty sky. That I had spent the morning prowling through subterranean crypts below the hotel admiring the jaw bones of antique Roman senators, and had later walked the length of the solemn avenue of tombs, served as no deterrent. Compulsion was upon me—and presently my feet were set upon the dusty way toward the beckoning towers.

The miles stretched out. Once in a while I glanced back over my shoulder, half-weakening, at the spires of Arles—but finally the hill became merely a mound, with the distracting choice of two ways to encircle it. The same instinct that had guided me to walk rather than be conveyed to this old outpost of Charlemagne's time, turned me from the broad highway. I chose instead a little footpath, overgrown with dusty bushes, that wound around the hill beneath the walls. A mother partridge scurried her brood away before my eager steps. I pushed on through the shrubbery, and found at last a few worn old stairs, and when I stepped exploringly through the archway at their top, there was the garden that had been waiting for me all the time! Weed-overgrown, silent between its heavy walls, it held the gray curbing of

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

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Carmel-by-the-Sea

will present

HAY FEVER

By NOEL COWARD

October 8 and 9

Under the direction of

GEORGE M. BALL

Tickets on sale at

PALACE DRUG CO.

ARTS & CRAFTS THEATER

THE CALIFORNIA SCENE

As She Is Seen by The California Painters

By GENE HAILEY
(Written for The Cymbal)

OF COURSE, Art is universal and modern Art does not recognize subject matter as ART. So why is there a "California Scene" for a theme at all?

Because artists will paint and artists must live—in California!

This is the original home of the rainbow and the opalescent hue. Sunlight filters through our crystal dampness of salt-kissed atmosphere. We have subtleties of tone that the painter of dear old New England cannot hope to make his own with his Puritanical color schemes as dished up to him by Mother Nature's Eastern representative.

The abstractionists say, "We are the 'Vortex of a great Color Awakening', that we will color the whole world with our art, whether in frames or applied to our dress, cities, homes and gardens." All this is because we are removed sever-



al thousand miles and several generations from the Puritanical "Blacks, greys and browns". Californians smile on Sunday, golf on Sunday, picnic on Sunday and put on their most colorful costumes on Sunday. We are sun worshipers and through the influence of the sun, color cultists.

In our paintings we worship color in loud praises, but also worship false idols, when we find the blue, blue bays, crocheted together with twisty, twiney cypress and knotty, gnarly pines and find them by the dozens. It is only another form of the prayer-wheel to paint these popular pot-boiler subjects. Real worship of our beauties lies in more deeply felt inspiration of less ordinarily used subjects. There are brown hills, oak bestrewn, and compact little valleys, haunted with ghosts of Indians and Spanish horsemen; there are stupendous mountains, difficult to scale and equally difficult to place in proper scale on a canvas; there are forms and sizes and shapes not yet composed in pictured spaces, yet all about the California artists and their studios.

There is punch in some scene in the front yard. It is easier to paint than

some inaccessible dramatic scene which would look better on the picture postcard at the corner store. If it is rendered in vital form and color, it will speak California at a New York exhibition as much as if it were a "Sand Dune" or "Poppy and Lupin" School product.

"Publicity" is a polite term for advertising and on both these "fame" rests, indecently. Artists to court fame may be geniuses for work and talented beyond all measuring but unless they know how to co-operate with the rest of the world in presenting their work, they don't eat!

Once there was an art critic, who believed that California was the essence of all beauty and that artists in California should be as happy as "children in the kingdom of heaven" and found them as simple as children about marketing their wares.

When the critic, who was a "publicity expert" in disguise, traveled to the land of many painters on the Monterey Peninsula in order to share and feel their thrills at the beauty of life in these "happy hunting grounds"—here, the poor critic found his heart heavy and his feet tired from passing from door to door of well behaved studios, in search of artistic souls and of souvenirs of their works in the form of "glossy prints". Now the "glossy print with good contrast" is the chief aid of the publicity well-doer. Through its frank statement, the poetry of the art life of California can be carried to Eastern art magazines and art pages of newspapers.

Yet in all the travels of the critic and sawing great stacks of kindling in the matter of conversation, the poor critic had to return to his tasks and typewriter without a single "hand-out" of a suitable "glossy print" to send East.

Not only were the reproductions not quite California in scene, but they were not quite suitable in tone. The gentle art of the "color screen" which makes color values right in photographing paintings, is known but not used by many artists and their photographers.

Then the subject matter was not California to its greatest variety; mingled with Cypress and Eucalyptus, Rolling Waves and Rocky Shores, were bits done on their last trip Abroad. Boats in Venice, A Street in Spain, Market in Algiers. Coas-

(Turn to Page Ten)



Lucille Kiester
PINAFORE PLAYHOUSE

EDUCATIONAL TOYS
CHILDREN'S DRESSES
Czecho-Slovakian and
Hungarian
Mary Moore Handmade
Dresses - Chase Dolls

Court of The Golden Bough

The Cinderella Shop

SMART SWEATERS
AND NEW KNITTED
SPORT DRESSES

JUST RECEIVED



Old Cabin Inn

Lodging with or with-
out meals. Chicken
Dinner Sunday and
Wednesday.

El Camino Real
Carmel

Telephone 16618

Blue Bird Tea Room

LUNCHEON
DINNER
Tea Service



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"NIGGER HEAVEN" NOT PARADISE

By DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

IT DIDN'T seem as if there could be anything new to write about in New York, but "Nigger Heaven" proves the fallacy of this. Carl Van Vechten has laid the scene of his latest novel in Harlem, in the district which constitutes a city in itself—a city made up entirely of colored people. It is a fascinating book he has written, so fascinating that I quite forgot, for once, to be annoyed by the lack of quotation marks in the conversation, which usually spoils much of my pleasure in Van Vechten's novels. The people who make up this city within a city are as diverse in character as you can imagine, and you are shown, with equal clearness and convincing delineation, the wealthy, uneducated negro of crude tastes and unrestrained pleasures; and the "young intellectuals", whose bitterness seems divided between their own and the white race for the barriers raised by the color of their skin.

A short time ago there appeared a volume called "The New Negro", an impressive collection of essays, stories and poems all written by negroes. For substantiation of the truth of some of the thoughts Van Vechten ascribes to some of his characters of the higher type, you have only to read "The New Negro". Here you get, from the colored people themselves—from those of the race whose powers of intellect have been proved by their actual achievements—a statement of their position and the discouraging humiliations which attend a negro who is trying to compete on an equal basis with white people. To do them justice, these intellectual members of the race are extremely fair and broad about the situation and their bitterness is chiefly for the more flagrant cases of social inconsistency and cruelty. As an illustration of the situation in which the exceptional negro finds himself sometimes, Alain Locke, the editor of "The New Negro" and one of its most interesting contributors, speaks of going to see his friend the negro who played "The Emperor Jones" so marvelously. After the theater the two men, with their wives, wished to go to a restaurant. There was, however, in that part of New York near the theater no decent place where they would not run the risk of suffering the humiliation of being turned away because of their color. The man who had thrilled thousands of white people by his genius was no more welcome to eat among them than would be the lowest, most illiterate of his kind. They had no recourse but to travel the six or seven miles up to Harlem.

The conversations in "Nigger Heaven" among the young negroes of education are significant. Whatever your opinions on the race question, you cannot help feeling sorry for them. Here is a sample:

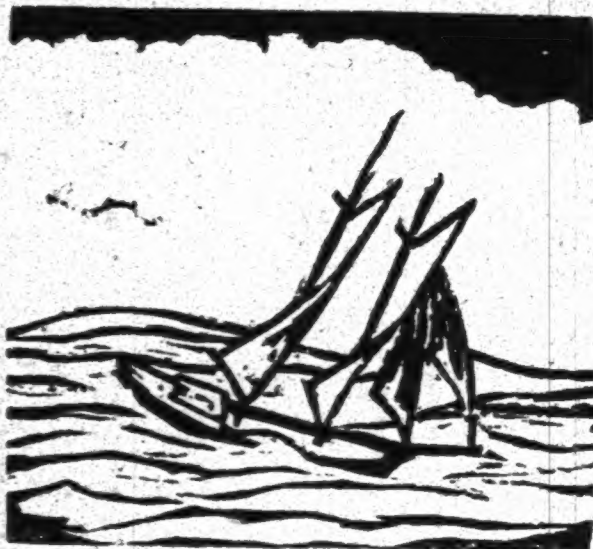
"Of course," Howard was saying, "it isn't so bad for us as it was for those who came before. We at least have Harlem!"

Sill began to snicker. "The Mecca of

the new Negro! The City of Refuge!" he cried derisively.

"I don't know that we even have Harlem," Olive argued, "so many white people come up here now to the cabarets. Why, in one or two places they've actually tried to do a little jim crowing!"

"Think of it!" Howard replied. "It isn't," he went on, "that we want to mingle with the whites—I mean that we don't want to much more than we are already



compelled to—but it is a bore to have them all over our places while we are excluded from their theatres and restaurants merely on account of our colour, theatres and restaurants which admit Chinese and Hindus—if I wore a turban or a burnous I could go anywhere—and prostitutes of any nationality. Why, a white prostitute can go places where a coloured preacher would be refused admittance."

And in another instance where a newcomer is discussing with some of this same group his chances for getting on in New York:

"Well, it won't be so bad here either, just so long as you're another Nigger and know your place," Sill declared. "They'll give you your choice, too. You can run an elevator or lift pianos."

"Dick!" Mary implored him.

"It's the truth," cried Olive, "Let him talk."

"Oh, I don't mind. I've heard it all before," Byron said. "I guess I can find something better than that to do. If I can't I'll try Harlem. I only thought I could make more money downtown."

"Try Harlem, will you?" Dick's lip curled cynically. "I guess you won't find that much easier. Howard here is a lawyer, but the race doesn't want coloured lawyers. If they're in trouble they go to white lawyers, and they go to white banks and white insurance companies. You won't get much help from the race."

"Don't they want a member of the race to get on?"

"Say," Dick inquired, "where have you been living? They do not. You'll have to fight your own race harder than you do the other every step of the way. They're full of envy for every Negro that makes a success. They hate it. It makes 'em wild. Why, more of us get on

through the ofays than through the shines."

"Now, Dick, you're laying it on pretty hard," Howard suggested.

"Not a bit of it. I'll say more. Who supports Roland Hayes? Who supports Florence Mills? Is it white or black audiences?"

"After all, Dick, be fair," Olive objected, "They've got more money, these others."

"That's it," cried Howard, "they've got more money. That's what I've always said: we've got to have money to fight the system and earn the respect of the world."

The story of Byron Kasson's attempt to get a footing in the economic world and the story of Mary's devotion to him in spite of his weakness are wonderfully told. It is a character study of one type of colored man, carrying with it also a number of others vividly portrayed, that surely is the biggest, finest thing Van Vechten has ever done. And the end comes as a sudden startling climax which seems more perfect and appropriate the longer you think about it.

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POET'S GARDEN AND A VISITOR

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE was a garden. It was full of flowers and birds and song. When you entered you were aware of much color and as you looked around you were a little bewildered until you met the gardener. She was a little prim tidy person in a peaked sun-bonnet. She understood her business and was quite a connoisseur of fine blooms. Her name was Harriet Munroe.

She loved her work and was very proud of the success she had raising flowers. Many a timid plant would have shriveled up and died had it not been for her timely and businesslike assistance. Some had blossomed without her help but she took an interest in them all.

There was lilac over the gate. You were aware of its fragrance at once but it did not startle or surprise you. It was taken for granted like Amy Lowell.

Hollyhocks held their flowers aloft. They had a strange familiarity with high places and would talk in friendly fashion with the creator himself. Death had no terrors for them for they were as well acquainted on the other side as Emily Dickenson always was. A sturdy apple tree grew by the wall and bore many fine flavored apples. It gave a country air to the place and a russet perfume. One could climb a tree like that and see all over the surrounding country. Boys would like it, and city-weary folk. Its branches tempted one up and on to see things from a different level. That was Robert Frost.

One had almost forgotten that anything could be so delicate as aquilegia. The whimsically-poised spurred petals were coral-pink and yellow, lavender and lemon. . . . once in a while bright scarlet. They were always surprisingly beautiful like Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Shirley poppies held light petals to the breeze. . . . poised between the known and the unknown like Leonora Speyer.

The bright splashing marigolds were as sun-burnt as Carl Sandburg and they didn't care what people said about them. They knew a thing or two about shining.

In a dim green corner there grew a rare flower. . . . apart from the others. It withheld its loveliness from the crowd. Its petals were cold and crisp and as white as alabaster. Here was a perfection of texture, a fine, fine purity undreamed of. This flower had no name but they called it H. D.

All over the place were little pansies with the quaint inquiring minds of Nathalia Crane. They had the queerest way of looking sideways at one as if what they didn't know wouldn't be worth knowing.

Straggling along the hedge and blooming in unexpected places was E. E. Cummings the ragged-robin. You couldn't be sure just what he was going to do next,

climb to the top of a tree or trail along the ground. There seemed to be no sense to the way he blossomed . . . the irregular scattering of his petals.

The good old hardy geraniums that went on blooming and never giving up were the plodding unknown poets of which the world is full.

Brooding over the garden and contemplating all this exotic color was the spirit of tragedy. . . . Robinson Jeffers. This towering figure, to whom earth and heaven were an open book, was so out of pro-



portion to the rest that at first one did not see him. It was like looking for mountains and suddenly realizing that one was not looking high enough. . . . that far beyond the clouds they lifted their eternal grandeur. Once having become aware of them one saw nothing else.

The place was incredibly lovely and there were hundreds of new flowers to become acquainted with and hundreds more which had not even begun to blossom. The only thing that spoiled it was a flock of noisy blue-jays, but A. A. Milne has a verse that will fit them if he will allow us to change it a little:

I went into a garden
(It looked like a garden
Strange bright petals from the flowers
fall)

But it had a lot of

Blue-jays
Blue-jays
Blue-jays

Who couldn't sing a song at all.

R. CLARKSON COLMAN PICTURES DISPLAYED AT GOLDEN BOUGH

An interesting exhibition of the paintings of the marine artist, R. Clarkson Colman, is being held in the foyer of the Theatre of the Golden Bough this week. Some of these have never been on display before. They include a number of new canvases showing scenes from the Imperial Desert.

NEW BOOKS IN THE GAME COCK LIBRARY

Sounding Brass.....	Mannin
Summer Bachelors.....	Fabian
The Elder Brother.....	Gibbs
West Wind.....	Garslin
The Terrible People.....	Wallace
The Order of the Octopus.....	Horler
The Club of Masks.....	Upward
The Desert Thorobred.....	Gregory
Manchester Royal.....	Fletcher
Masterton.....	Frankau
Prodigals of Monte Carlo.....	Oppenheim
The Diary of Jean Evarts.....	Stocking
Shot Towers.....	McIntyre
Walls of Glass.....	Barretto
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California Scene

(Continued from Page Seven)

of Belgium, A Town in Sicily, etc.

What can a mere "publicity person" do but decide that after all "ART is universal" and impersonal and that the "California School" of art, as she is, is still not old enough to go East to make her debut. She is still an awkward kid, sentimental about her pet scenery and not awake to the everpresent happy scenes around her. Miss California, in the art sense, is not putting her best bathing suit or best smiles on for the Atlantic seaboard's approval.

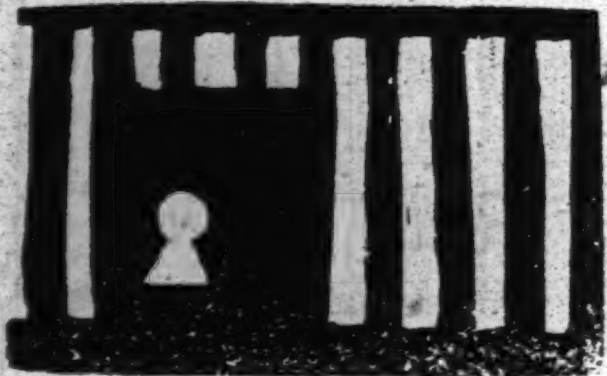
In the near future we should compile a traveling exhibition of California Modernists, it should visit every art center of Europe and America. It need not be as wild an aggregation as the French Modernists, the German Ultra-Modernists or the Scandinavian, Italian and Czechoslovakian decorative schools . . . but it should carry the "California Scene" and California super-glories of landscape and climate, amalgamated into the paint of the canvases in such an exhibit.

We can prove that art is just a little more "universal" in California than elsewhere, if we just get as well organized in marketing our art, planning our exhibitions, art articles and art reproductions . . . as we are organized in selling our industrial, commercial and realtor ideas.

FULL O' MURDERS

IT BEGINS rather calmly in a grocery shop. But very soon you are out of doors in the lovely English countryside, a fog has rolled in—and the first murder takes place in its misty grayness. "Sea Fog" is such a good name! But—if you wish to be literal-minded—after that first encounter, the fog doesn't play a very important part in this new mystery story by J. S. Fletcher.

Not having read other books by this popular writer I am not competent to say how well this one compares with his previous creations. It is developed carefully as to the intricacies of plot and you are not called upon to swallow fantastic



happenings. In fact, despite the numerous mysterious events, it all moves forward almost too calmly and logically. Even the thrill of finding men lying foully murdered loses its poignancy by repetition. The element of horror and strong emotion seems lacking all the way along.

One reason for this is that none of the characters who meets his death by violence is particularly interesting to the reader or even closely connected by ties of relationship or love to any of the other characters who are attempting to solve the mysteries that take place.

Yet, without effort or the use of many words, Fletcher has created in those people who are pursuing the unrolling thread of the various crimes a set of distinct characters, who stand out as separate individuals. McPherson, the Scotch grocer, is particularly good, and most of the others, with the exception of the boy by whom the story is told, are easily realized as human beings.

There is suspense in the plot and good writing—but you are never very close to the victims in your feelings. Perhaps, you say, it is not necessary for a good detective story to stir up your sympathy and other lively emotions. Perhaps not.

—D. C.

A NOVEL BY DR. JOHNSON

THE nearest thing to a novel that the great Dr. Johnson ever wrote was "The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia." The Duttons will bring out in October, a new edition of this classic with an introduction by G. K. Chesterton and woodcuts by Douglas Percy Bliss. An exhibition of Mr. Bliss's woodcuts was held last winter at the Basnett Gallery, Bon Marche, Liverpool, where they attracted much favorable comment from the critics. The Manchester Guardian said: "Wood engraving has not only revived, it has undergone emancipation, for today the artist himself carries the whole process and translates his inspiration by means of the graver, using it as much as he would a pencil or brush, guided often by the slightest suggestion of a preliminary design. This breaking away from the older method by which the drawing and the engraving were the work of two individuals, and the spontaneity of the artist's conception was often overlaid almost to obscurity by the overburdened technique of the craftsman, has resulted in a freshness of quality and charm of expression unattainable by the dual method. These qualities are manifest in the work of Mr. Douglas Bliss."

Lady going away wants a good home for her two (2) male kittens, six months old. One coal black and one grey. They are housebroken, lovable and gentle.....Phone Carmel 279.

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HENRY COWELL

HENRY COWELL is a unique figure in modern music, and one who, perhaps more than any other, has had to face continual attacks of ridicule. It is an old story and rather a tiresome one, that he who breaks the pattern of conventionality must suffer. Suffering of this kind is much to be envied for there must of necessity accompany it an inner exultation never known to the man of the via media.

Here is a composer who has heard music so vast, so cosmic, that one thinks of it always as the music of creation. If that which he is able to bring to us through the medium of the piano detaches us so surely from our old standards, what must that music be as he hears it, before it has been reduced to the dimensions of the piano? Again we must say that such a man is to be envied.

Carmel knows Henry Cowell as a young eager lad, struggling for an ideal, and devoted to an interpretation of music such as no composer has before attempted. Rather a picturesque story, much more so than the actual struggle, perhaps he would say. It is a difficult thing to impress one's sincerity upon those who have watched one grow up.

Europe, however, gave this young composer the attention which was his by right. We felt after his last concert, that his travels had broadened him. He has taken his place among the most important of modern composers and instead of moderating his earlier methods he has enriched them, much to the deeper significance of his playing. His "Cauldron of Fire" proved this. It is no small thing to be able to impart the heightening of consciousness produced by this remarkable work.

A tireless experimenter with sound, he



conserves every smallest result for future use. Other composers have profited greatly from his researches and have to thank him for many unfamiliar qualities of resonance. He has extended the limits of music and has produced effects hitherto unknown to pianists. Paul Bechert of Vienna says of his work: "He enlarges the scope of possibilities associated with the piano as an instrument. By direct contact with the strings (which are touched alternately with the palms and with the nails or flesh of his fingers) and by an immensely deft and differentiated application of the pedals he achieves tone-colourings of infinite variety and fine shading. Tone-colourings, indeed, seem to be his chief purpose in some of his compositions, while others reveal great

contrapuntal dexterity and a distinct rhythmical fancy."

Whether his greatest value lies in his achievement of new qualities of sound or in his pioneer work into the music of the future or in his power to enlarge one's field of musical vision, it would be hard to say. Perhaps because he has done all these things and through it all remains true to himself, loyal to his conception of music and unwavering in his determination to give form to that from which he draws his inspiration.

—D. C. H.



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Symphony Concerts On The Radio

FOLLOWING the success of the first broadcast of a regular performance of grand opera last week, when "Martha" was put on the air at the opening of the grand opera season in San Francisco, there is a possibility of broadcasting the twenty-one concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra the coming season. It will depend entirely upon the practical response of the radio public, and particularly the public so far away that actual attendance at the concerts would be impossible.

There is little really fine music on the air, so far as the Pacific Coast is concerned. There is nothing coming from the west, and the distance to the east is too great to make it possible to enjoy the music broadcast by the stations in New York and Chicago.

The broadcast of "Martha" last week proved that with the installation of the proper apparatus in an auditorium, regular performances can be put on the air most effectively, and without any detriment to the performance for the audience present in person. A number of Carmel residents have heard Tito Schipa sing with the Chicago Grand Opera Company, and are emphatic in their insistence that the broadcast of "Martha" showed no loss in the quality of his voice.

Next in beauty to Schipa's voice was the orchestra that Gaetano Merola has

assembled for this opera season—most of the players being recruited from the ranks of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The exquisitely blended tone of that orchestra in the familiar melodies of "Martha", gave one an idea of what the best music would be like on the air when played by a great symphony orchestra.

With the first great symphony concert only a little more than three weeks off, it is necessary that the radio public interested in having the pleasure of the concerts on the air, respond in a practical way. KGO and KPO will broadcast the concerts free of charge. The orchestra must be paid for the extra service. It is this expense that the radio public must finance if the concerts are to go on the air.

The following coupon explains itself:

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, 457 Phelan Building, SAN FRANCISCO:

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NEW SHOP PROVES POPULAR

L'Aiglon, the new beauty parlor and barber shop exclusively for women and children, which opened in new quarters just south of the postoffice on Dolores street last week, has proved popular from the start and Beatty Hanna who, with Grace Divoto, conducts it, reports that he is unusually pleased with the patronage already accorded the new shop by Carmel people. Hanna was with Milius in New York before coming to Carmel and deciding to go into business for himself and his training has already made itself felt in the number and class of patronage L'Aiglon is receiving.

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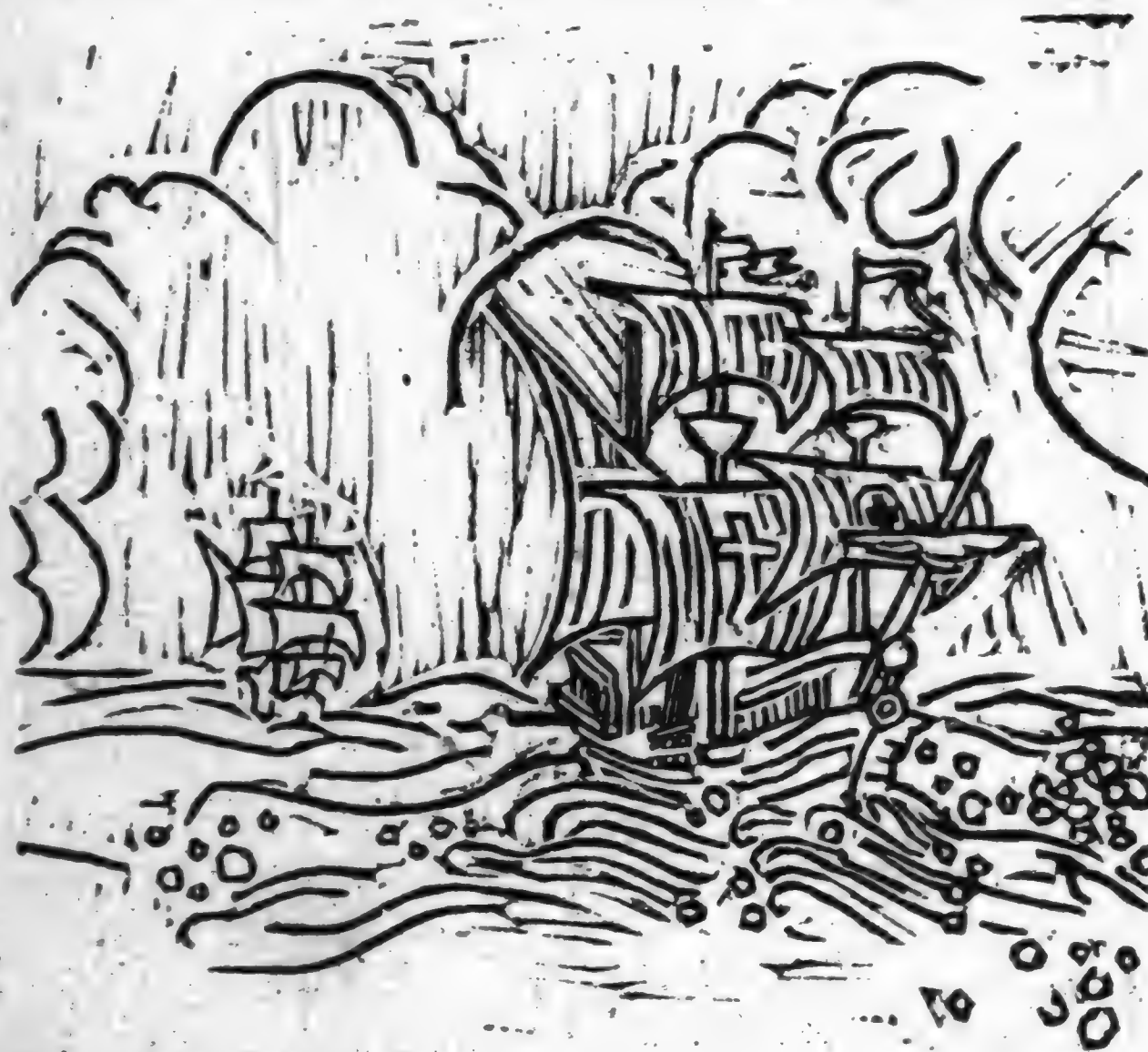
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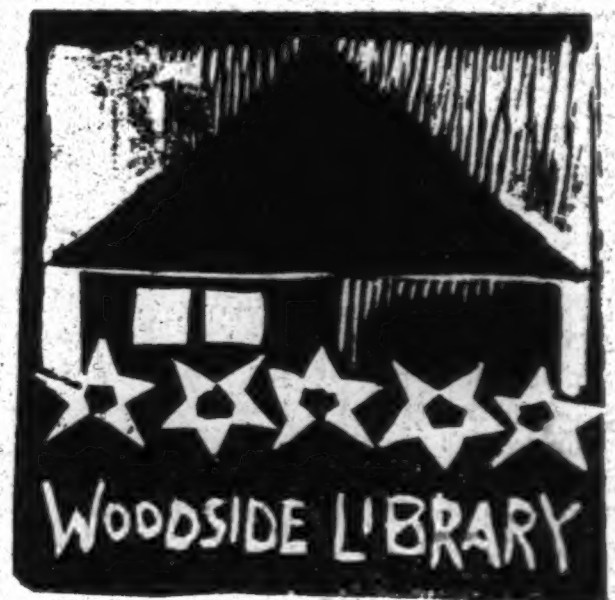
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HENRY COWELL TO GIVE SERIES OF LECTURES ON MODERN MUSIC

Henry Cowell, the modern composer, who recently gave a concert of his own compositions in Carmel, will commence a series of lectures on modern music at the Denny and Watrous studio on Dolores street, near Second avenue, next Monday evening at 8 o'clock. There will be five lectures in the series which carries the general title, "Five Approaches to Modern Music". Information about the lectures which will be given each Monday evening, and the charge for the series, may be obtained through communication with the Denny and Watrous studio.

NEW SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OPENS IN CARMEL VALLEY

Miss Helen L. Lisle and Miss Wells, who have been conducting a select school at Milton, Massachusetts, for a number of years, and a summer camp in the Adirondacks, are opening the Carmel Valley Ranch School for boys and girls on October 8. The school is on the MacDonald ranch about ten minutes automobile drive from Carmel. A new building has been constructed and saddle horses obtained for the pupils. Although the school is designed for girls and boys of the East, Miss Lisle announces that there are a few vacancies for boarding or day pupils. She can be addressed at Carmel post office.

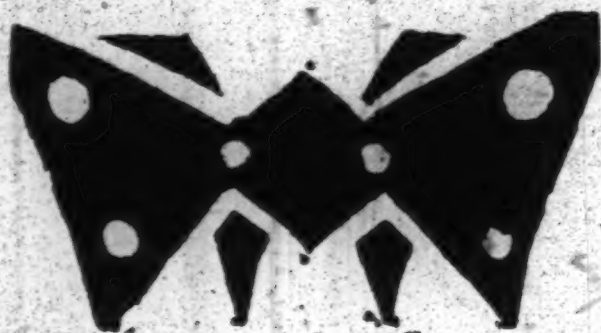


WHERE SKIES ARE FAR AWAY

(Continued from Page Six)

an old well like a jewel in its perfect setting. The place was filled with stealing shadows, creeping softly down the flight of grooved steps that lured me still higher. Half-apologetic for the clatter of my twentieth-century feet on their stones, I climbed up to the battlements beside the tall watchtower.

Before me was the abbey of Montmajour, its beauty shattered but not destroyed by the revolution. I walked reverently around the massive walls, giving myself up to the atmosphere of desolation and loneliness that I foolishly thought was the only message of the hill-top ruin. Suddenly I was confronted by a smoking tin stove-pipe, crudely protruding from the stone facade—an old curtain covering an improvised doorway was pushed aside, and the old concierge, draw-



ing her black shawl tightly against the wind, reminded me that the present was still picking up the crumbs of the past.

I listened with good-natured inattention while she recited the facts connected with the abbey and castle—an old Benedictine retreat—followed her with quickening interest to where her pigs noisily awaited their table d'hôte in the old refectory—and then remained an hour to lean with her, enchanted on the battlements. I knew now why I had walked the whole of the weary distance.

She talked to me about life itself, this old woman whose content with her home in the ruins of the old abbey is not a thing of passive indolence or ignorance, but a beautiful philosophy distilled by the very sun whose low colors we watched together, spreading over the indescribably far horizon. She fears hatreds; she mistrusts a life too full for thought; she reads poetry; and her life is an idyll. Standing there in the peace of the blue sky and the outspread landscape, the beads and laces and shawls I had been greedily eager to carry back across the Atlantic, seemed indeed trivial.

But alas for me, the veneer of my rushing, materialistic civilization was there and the distant chimes of Arles, "la ville de clochers", all sounding the hour of six, fell upon my ear, and time once more existed. As I dragged my reluctant feet through the great courtyard arch, and went slowly down the rocky, grass-grown road that wound around the hill, I turned for a last look at the ruin in the afternoon sunshine.

"Come back again some day!" called the concierge. And my nod was a solemn promise.

TRAIN SCHEDULES

Leaving Monterey

6:29 a. m.—For San Francisco. (Connects at Del Monte Junction with pullman car train from the South.)
9:05 a. m.—Del Monte Express for San Francisco.
10:10 a. m.—For Los Angeles. (Change at Del Monte Junction.)
3:15 p. m.—For San Francisco.
6:50 p. m.—For San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Arriving at Monterey

7:55 a. m.—From San Francisco and Los Angeles.
11:45 a. m.—From San Francisco.
6:25 p. m.—Del Monte Express from San Francisco.
8:18 p. m.—From Los Angeles.
9:45 p. m.—From San Francisco.

CARMEL BUSES

Leave Carmel. (Stage depot at San Carlos and Ocean Avenue.) 8 a. m., 9:20 a. m., 11 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5 p. m.
Leave Monterey 8:20 a. m., 12 m., 3:30 p. m., 6:25 p. m.

STATE BUSES

Leave Monterey

For San Francisco—8 a. m., 10 a. m., 1 p. m., 4:30 p. m. (Via Santa Cruz.) For Santa Cruz only—7:15 p. m.
For Salinas—(Connecting with busses to points north and south.) 8 a. m., 9:55 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 4 p. m. (Sundays—9 a. m., 1 p. m., 5 p. m.)

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Written by Daisy Bostick and Dorothea Castelhun. Illustrated with photographs and sketches by Carmel artists.

**A PLEASING SOUVENIR
FULL OF INFORMATION**

Notes and Comments

(Continued from Page Five)

if she keeps on with her posture of injured innocence, the thing grows ridiculous, and one cannot blame the law for insisting that some sense be read into the record.

FOR ABOUT three quarters of an hour the other evening half a hundred of us were gathered together in the street and on the curb in front of Carl Rohr's electric shop. We were those who possessed no private radios in our homes and those whom duty of the time demanded that we be on or near Ocean avenue. Three thousand miles away, in the city William Penn founded and which he gave a name meaning brotherly love, two great hulks of human flesh were pummeling each other, each with fervent prayers in his heart that he might land straight enough and hard enough so that the other would lose consciousness and lie down prostrate for at least ten seconds. One of these men, for permitting the other to endeavor to succeed in this aim, was to receive, in fact, did receive, the sum of \$700,000. The other, for consenting to take what was expected to be a severe beating in his aspirations, was to receive, in fact, did receive, the sum of \$200,000. We half a hundred men were rapt in our attention to the voice of some man in San Francisco, standing beside a telegraph instrument, which we could also hear, while he relayed to us the number and specific destination of the blows of these two men. We became close friends of the moment—we found ourselves talking in amazement or strange joy to others whom we did not know; some whom we had never seen before. We had a common interest, a common thrill; it appeared that we had a common hope. As it became apparent round by round that a certain Mr. Eugene Tunney would not only be able to remain in the ring for ten rounds with a certain Mr. "Jack" Dempsey, but might be miraculously able to compel the said Mr. Dempsey to lie down prostrate for a space of ten seconds, we found ourselves marvelling, wondering how it could be and, finally, a bit breathless over the probability of such a thing coming to pass. And then, when the tenth round was reached and Mr. Tunney was still there we stood transfixed awaiting the final flash. When it came, telling us something that an hour before seemed an impossibility, there was a spontaneous cheer from us, an undignified and quickly stifled cheer, but a cheer, just the same. And throughout the "civilized" world last Thursday evening it was the same. How many of the men who watched that fight in Philadelphia, and listened to it throughout the world, knew that at the time the League of Nations was in session and on its deliberations the fate of millions of men and their wives and their families and their nations will depend?

Darned few, and a less number cared. And that, Cymbaline, is life.

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THEATER NOTES

DAMN THE UNITED STATES! I wish I may never hear of her again!" Foolhardy, tragic words.

Years ago, Edward Everett Hale wrote "The Man Without a Country", the story of a young army officer who, in a moment of youthful folly, cursed the United States and so was banished from it forever. It is upon Hale's immortal masterpiece that the picture "As No Man Has Loved", coming to the Theatre of the Golden Bough next Friday and Saturday is based.

Dr. Ernest Crandall, director of lectures of the board of education of New York City, writes:

"This picture constitutes one of the most sincere attempts I have ever witnessed to preserve both the spirit and the letter of a literary production on the screen. The fervor of patriotism aroused throughout, without recourse to cheap tricks or artificial stimulation is sufficiently intense to mark this as a great picture and especially as one which every young person in the land should see."

With the showing of "As No Man Has Loved" the Theatre of the Golden Bough will commence its new policy of a single performance an evening. On Friday and Saturday nights, as well as on Sunday evening, the program will begin promptly at 8 o'clock.

Audacious, sophisticated, intensely European, Adolphe Menjou has created on the screen a new and refreshing type. He will be seen at the Theatre of the Golden Bough next Sunday evening in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter", a romantic farce which furnishes an example of how an idea that is quite impossible can, by clever direction and acting, result in good entertainment.

Menjou is the "waiter", Florence Vidor "The Duchess", Mal St. Clair, the director. Probable result: a wholly delightful if utterly ridiculous comedy.

Colleen Moore in "It Must Be Love" is on the boards at the Manzanita for Thursday and Friday nights. "Mantran" will be shown there Monday and Tuesday evenings.

THE PICKLE BARREL HOUSE

ONE OF THE ODDEST real houses that was ever constructed—though it would not look so queer probably if set alongside of Kays—is the pickle barrel house in Northern Michigan. It was built for Mary Dickerson Donahay, the writer of children's stories, whose "Marty Lu" was published last season by Doubleday, Page & Company, and presented to her by the Reid Murdock Company, the

manufacturers of Monarch pickles.

The house stands in a white birch forest on Lake Superior, not far from the half-deserted old lumbering town of Grand Marais. It is built of two barrels, the larger one made of staves, two inches thick, sixteen feet high and twelve feet at its smallest diameter. This is two stories high and the smaller one, connected by a pantry, serves as the kitchen. The coopers who constructed the barrel house say "never again", for this one presented all sorts of difficulties. The front door had to be cut on a slant



smaller at the bottom, and the windows had to be braced in or out a bit, according to the bulge but the effect was odd and delightful. Being twenty miles from the railroad and on a narrow trail several miles from Grand Marais, the Donahays expected to be undisturbed, but on their first day of residence they had more than two hundred callers. The news of the barrel house spread all over Michigan and people came and are still coming from every direction to see it.

BOOK NOTES

(Comment on recent books by the New Yorker.)

THERE has long been an ample supply, and there is now a glut, of novels by earnest persons, mostly women, in which it comes over some benighted couple's bright young daughter that we live in a World of New Values, where sex equality doesn't end with votes and cigarettes. What follows depends upon whether the author is rooting for her or her parents; either way, her welcome at this department's address is worn out, unless something better is done with her than to argue her case and course, which were thoroughly argued by experts before she was born.

But mention must be made of Alyse Gregory's "She Shall Have Music," as funny a novel as ever was intended to be serious by a writer of Miss Gregory's capacity. This last would be evident if you knew nothing of her work on, and in, the Dial; you could tell that she thought to do much more with Sylvia

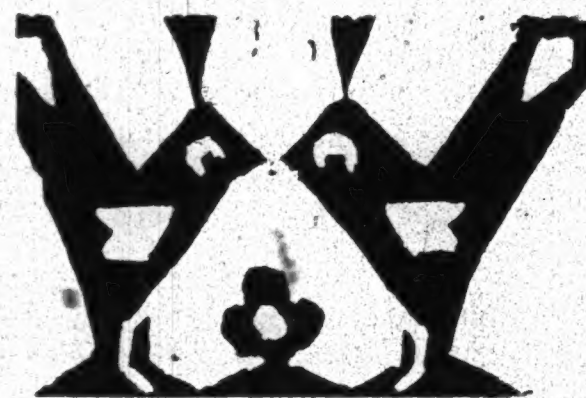
Brown and the Pennington Browns than to champion Sylvia's self-emancipation, and that she had all essentials except the skill for doing it. You could even concede that there must have been purposes worthy of respect behind her ridiculous ending.

The inevitable comment on "She Shall Have Music" is an adaptation of Stevenson's "I say, Archer—my God, what women!" on Lydia and the others in Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession". Make it "My God, what talk!" and you have it pat. Miss Gregory might say to you loftily (she rather runs to loftiness) that her interest was in her characters' ideas, not in recording the hitches and slurs of actual verbal intercourse. Well, see Mr. Pennington Brown's Address to His Daughter in very agitating circumstances, on pages 119-22.

With Meadows, a prurient, snooping English butler, Miss Gregory makes an effort that comes off. But for us, Meadows snoops in the shadow of Rebecca West's Peacey, one of the most memorably revolting animals loosed in recent fiction.

In connection with the news that Thomas A. Edison has turned over to his son Charles the direction of the Edison enterprises in order to be free for his experimenting, comes most appropriately the announcement from Alfred A. Knopf that he will publish on October 15 a biography by George S. Bryan entitled, "Edison: The Man and His Work". The book gives a full survey of Edison's amazing career and a sensitive appreciation of his personality. No comprehensive treatment of Edison's work has appeared since 1910.

The graduation exercises of the Carmel Community Church Sunday School will be held Sunday morning October 3 at 10 o'clock. All parents and those interested in religious education are urged to attend.



FOR SALE—BEAUTIFULLY TONED, selected Steinway Parlor Grand piano. Used Steinways are scarce. Will sell at fair price, but not "cheap". There are no "cheap" Steinways. Information, Dr. R. M. Hollingsworth, Dolores Apts, or telephone 212, Monterey.